

TRAGIC DISAPPEARANCE

By WILL H. HARBEN

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CHAPTER I.

There was a touch of the destroying breath of autumn in the keen wind which swept over Lyndhurst, an old colonial mansion on the Hudson near New York. The big trees on the terraced lawn and in the dense wood behind the house were shedding their red and yellow foliage, and in the extensive garden on the left of the entrance not even a belated flower could be seen in the well-arranged parterres. Here stood a marble statue, there a playing fountain; the entire aspect was cold and cheerless.

Within the mansion quite a different scene presented itself. A footman in livery stood in the vast hall; white-capped, white-aproned maid-servants moved about with soft tread and solicitous mien. Five o'clock tea was being served in the quaint Elizabethan drawing room. A man less than 40 years of age, tall, handsome and with a military bearing, reclined in a quaintly carved easy chair before the glowing wood fire with its old-fashioned brass fender and dragon-shaped andirons. The man's face was full, dark and round; his high, broad brow suggested considerable power of intellect; he wore no beard, and his short thick hair was touched with gray. He had but one questionable feature; an expert physiognomist might have said that it was a pity such a strong face should be marred by a mouth slightly inclined towards weakness. His wife, who sat near him, was a handsome woman; she was perhaps as old as he. Her complexion was clear and good; her teeth were fine and even; between her parted lips they caught the red firelight and threw it back broken into tiny gleams. Her hands and feet were small and well shaped, her body possessed an undulating ease of movement that gratified the visual sense of the beholder. Her hair was dark brown, her eyes black and sharp, and these things, with the general contour of her shrewd face, hinted at French extraction.

When the tea was brought in a young lady who had been playing a Beethoven sonata on the grand piano in the large bow-window turned to another girl of about her own age who stood by her ready to depart.

"You really must stop for a cup of tea, Lottie," she said, laying her jeweled hand on the arm of the visitor.

"I am sorry, but I shall miss my train if I stay even a moment longer; as it is I shall have to urge your coachman to drive rapidly."

"Oh, surely you are not going, Miss Jeanne," protested Maj. Goddard, rising and coming towards them. "We really see so little of you, you know, and when you do honor us it is generally only to the extent of a pop call. I am really going to incite my ward to downright rebellion against you and all the rest of her old school friends."

"That is right, Guardian." The pianist smiled as she rose; "you must stand by me. Lottie has such a nice time in the city that she is getting above such a quiet retreat as this."

"Oh, it isn't that," laughed the accused. "I do enjoy it so much here and I am coming to pay you a good visit before long. Really, I am looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure."

"Well, until then we shall have a truce," cried the major, and he escorted the guest to the door where his carriage was waiting. As he reentered the drawing room the expression of his wife's face riveted his attention. Mrs. Goddard was watching Miss Briscoe, who had left the piano and was pouring the tea at the low brass table in the center of the room. The look she was giving her ward was so full of malignant dislike that the genial face of the major grew grave. He seated himself in the chair he had just left and eyed his wife attentively. Just then Miss Briscoe brought a cup of tea to him.

"You'll find it exactly right, Guardian," she said with a smile. "I not only know the number but I now understand the size of the lumps of sugar you want."

"It is always right, Blanche, when you pour it for me." He would have added further pleasantries to this had he not felt the rigid stare of his wife upon him.

"You have nice manners, I must say," Mrs. Goddard suddenly jerked out, "but I presume you were taught in that Fifth Avenue school to serve gentlemen before ladies."

The beautiful girl flushed to her wavy golden hair.

"Oh, do pardon me, Mrs. Goddard. I am so forgetful; Guardian looked so tired after his journey to town that I—"

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least," and this retort was emphasized by Mrs. Goddard's rising, pushing past the girl and pouring her own tea. Her face was dark with suppressed rage as she took her cup to a window-seat behind the piano and hastily drank it after the manner of angry individuals.

"Never mind," said Maj. Goddard to Blanche, who, with a look of deepening embarrassment on her face, had taken a seat near him; "never mind, it can't be helped."

"I wouldn't have displeased her for the world, on—on your account, if for nothing else. I do try my best to get on with her, but somehow I never make

the slightest progress in the right direction. I am so awkward."

Their voices were so low that they did not reach the tea-drinker in the bow window, but she seemed to know that she was the subject of the guarded colloquy, for she glared over her cup at them like a sullen, infuriated animal.

"I assure you it is not your fault, dear," went on Goddard. "You see when I told her the other day that all my mining ventures had fallen through and that I have now only this estate and a paltry ten thousand a year to keep it up on, it completely broke her to pieces. She counted on my affairs turning out millions, and I did not know it before, but she had laid a great many plans that must now fall to the ground."

"Plans?" said the girl, in surprise. "Yes, she had consulted an architect about building a house at Newport and one on Fifth avenue. Oh, it was a awful blow to her! I wish she could put a better face on the matter and not take it so very hard. As far as I am concerned, I had made up my mind that matters were not so bad, after all, but she is ambitious, you see, and I never was. I have grown tired trying to get rich. I would like to rest, but—"

They heard Mrs. Goddard's cup and saucer rattling as she advanced to the tea table. Then she turned to the door suddenly and her heavy silk skirts gave forth a rustling sound as she passed haughtily out into the hall.

"O, I say, Jeanne!" exclaimed her husband, rising and going to the door, but she had gone out on the lawn, and when he came back to the fire he and his ward saw her walking to and fro on the asphalt drive. A moment later she turned and gave an inaudible order to James, the footman, and he came out to her shortly with a revolver and a box of cartridges.

Goddard went to the window and Blanche followed.

"She's going to practice shooting," he said. "When she is full of anger she seems to find a vent for it in target practice. Watch her; she certainly has the most wonderful marksmanship of any woman alive."

The major could not help this exhibition of pride in his wife, and he seemed to hold his breath in boyish expectation as Mrs. Goddard took deliberate aim at a white envelope which

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"My poor guardian," said Blanche, tenderly. "You deserve so much. You ought to have all things that belong to good men. I have been very unhappy ever since you told me of your financial loss. You said, I think, that my money was safe?"

"Perfectly. I saw to that. I remembered your father's last words of confidence in me and I never have taken the slightest risk with your interests. Your fortune is as secure as if it were in the Bank of England, and the entire amount is earning a good rate of interest."

"But I have no use for so much money," said the girl, almost pleadingly, "and I would be so glad if you would take what you need of it."

The major flushed. "It would be a cowardly thing to do, and it would call forth much criticism; no, your money is yours; your father saw that I was sufficiently repaid for my services, besides, nothing less than your entire fortune would give Jeanne all she craves. She did not sleep a wink last night. I heard her walking constantly from the moment she retired till dawn. I went to her door twice and rapped, but she would not admit me. Sometimes I am afraid," and the major touched his broad forehead significantly.

"Poor guardian!" There was a suggestion of tears in Blanche's eyes and her voice quivered. "If you won't let me help you with my useless money what can I do? Do you fancy this—this trouble has not made me unhappy, too? Your face is my barometer. When it indicates that your spirits are depressed my sky becomes clouded, and then I don't care for anything else. If used to be so while I was at school. Your visit on Friday was the sole event of the week, and I studied hard according to my promise, that I might be worthy of it. I was so proud of you. The girls used to watch for you to drive up and they actually raved over you. They all thought you were so handsome."

But Maj. Goddard was not following her with attention.

"I have been wanting all this week to put a candid question to you, Blanche," he remarked, irrelevantly. "I am a little afraid you will not fully understand my motive, but I do want your opinion—a woman can judge another woman's heart better than a man can, even if he is her husband. I want to know, Blanche, if you think Jeanne cares for me a little bit?"

The girl could not command her suddenly roused emotions; she started and her long lashes fell before his eager, almost breathless stare. It was as if the question had been a shot which reached the very citadel of her most sacred convictions.

"Guardian, you must not—you ought not—" she seemed unable to proceed. "I know I ought to be ashamed of myself for admitting that I have doubts, but since my loss and her strange reception of the news I can't help feeling as I do. Oh! Blanche, do you think she only married me for the fortune I had?"

"I did not know her then," said Blanche, evasively, her face pale and rigid. "I am too young to read the motives of women older than I am. I only know, if—if—"

"If what, Blanche?" "If I had been your wife I should have loved you more in misfortune than ever. Oh, I am so sorry for you! It is breaking my heart." She raised her handkerchief to her eyes and began to cry softly.

Goddard pushed her head back gently till she was forced to look into his eyes.

"Don't do that, little girl," he said, tenderly. "It breaks me all to pieces to see a woman's tears. I wish the old days could somehow come back; those days when I dreamed of a young trusting wife who would love me for myself and draw me away from evil inclinations. You never guessed it, little girl, but—" he seemed to realize that he was going too far, for he broke off short and after a moment's pause he began again: "Never was a man a greater slave to a woman's whims than I am to hers. As much as I love honesty, honor, truth and upright living, I am afraid that woman could make me renounce it all if she wished. To me she is as powerful as opium to its most abject slave. I must do something, Blanche; these thoughts are maddening."

He touched the bell. "Get out my horse," he said to the servant. "I shall take a ride."

He went out to change his dress and his ward sat down before the fire. She heaved a great sigh.

"I wonder if she will desert him," she thought; "it would be just like her, now that she can no longer use him."

CHAPTER II.

Maj. Goddard spent all the next day in the city busy with some legal matters connected with his recent losses. He missed his usual train and was forced to take one an hour later. In consequence of this delay it was dark when he arrived home. The drawing room was lighted, and through the window he saw Blanche and his private secretary, Mr. Hubert Talley, at the piano, but he did not enter. All day he had been worrying over his wife's recent moroseness, and he did not want to lose a moment before seeing her. He fancied she must be in her own apartment, so he went up stairs to her door. It was closed. He rapped gently, but received no response from within. He rapped again, but with no better result; then he tried the latch and found the door locked. For a moment he stood mastered by thoughts which both contradicted and confirmed each other. Then he remembered that the door was the only outlet from the room to the main stairway, and as there was no light to be seen through the key-hole he half persuaded himself that Jeanne had dressed and gone down.

He turned quickly into his own apartment across the hall and turned on the electric light. His first thought was that he would change his dress before joining the others, but his impatience to see his wife defeated this idea and he hurried downstairs.

He looked into the library, a large, cozy apartment opposite the drawing room. A coal fire was burning warm and red in the grate, but the room was empty. Just then the butler, Wilkins, opened the folding doors and a view of the electric-lighted dining-hall in its vast splendor of white cloth, silver and cut-glass met Goddard's roving eye.

"Has Mrs. Goddard come down?" the major asked.

"I did not know she had returned, sir."

"Returned! from where?"

"From the city, sir. She went in this afternoon."

"To the city! at what time?"

"She caught the 1:40 train; it was Blanche's voice behind him, and it contained a note of startled concern. "She said she would go direct to your office and return with you."

"I have not seen her; my God! what can have happened to her?"

Blanche motioned the butler to retire, and he did so, discreetly closing the door.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Moliere Made His Friends Wait Until Morning and Saved Their Lives.

Dr. Siddale, the well-known London physician, during his vacation a few years ago was fishing one evening in a Scotch loch when a man approached, caught him by the shoulders and shook him violently. A glance told the doctor that the man was insane. He was a huge fellow; the doctor was small and possessed of little physical strength. No one was in sight.

"What are you going to do?" asked the doctor, calmly, relates Youth's Companion.

"Throw you into that water!" shouted the man.

"Certainly," said the doctor; "but I'll have to go home and put on a dress suit. Dead men always wear evening dress."

The madman stopped, looked at him doubtfully, and said: "So they do. Make haste, I'll wait."

Dr. Siddale walked slowly up the bank, and then ran for his life. It requires calmness and courage of a rare quality to cope with the vagaries of a disordered brain.

Moliere, the great French dramatist, was ill, and had retired to his villa at Aurenli for rest and quiet. One day Boileau, Lulli and another friend came to visit him. M. La Chapelle did the honors for Moliere. By the time supper was over, the guests were in so exalted a state that they resolved to set an example to France by dying philosophically together, to prove their contempt of the world. They determined to drown themselves in the Seine, but first went to bid their host an eternal farewell.

Moliere cast a hasty glance at the flushed faces around his bed. "But you have forgotten me!" he cried. "I, too, must share in this glorious act."

"True, true!" they shouted. "He is our brother! He shall die with us. Come on!"

"Not to-night," said Moliere, calmly. "or France will say we were ashamed of the deed. Wait until morning, and then if we die, nobody can doubt our motives."

They consented, and crept away to bed. When they rose sober in the morning not one of them spoke of suicide.

GLIMPSES OF CELESTIALS.

Some Peculiarities of the Chinese in Their Method of Reasoning.

Gambling debts are preeminently debts of honor in China, and they are more willingly and speedily paid than any others. To pay them, a Chinaman will pawn all his property, and even sell his children. For doing this he is regarded by the public as worthy of all praise, and the relatives who allow themselves to be sold are treated as models of filial devotion. Meanwhile, a tradesman to whom a debt is due may starve or go bankrupt.

In China there is a profession for ladies, which is even unknown in such a go-ahead country as America. It is carried on by elderly ladies, who go from house to house, among the wealthy classes, announcing their coming by beating a drum. If the lady of the house desires to have an hour's amusement, the lady with the drum is called in, and then, over the teacup, all the latest scandal of the town is told! Payment is at the rate of half a crown an hour, and presents are given for extra special bits.

There is a great deal of difference between the Chinese and the Japanese. To show how much more civilized the Japs are, a gentleman insisted the fact that if anyone left a purse in a Japanese eating house, everyone would take the greatest trouble to find out the owner and return it to him; whereas, in China, everyone would deny having seen the purse, and it would be impossible to recover it. A cynic, who heard the story, remarked that he rather thought the Chinese gave most evidence of civilization.

Not to Be Done.

A Scotsman was walking along Trafalgar square one day, when he stopped in front of the national gallery. Seeing a number of people going in, Scottie walked in too. He was surprised to find he had nothing to pay, it being a "free day." After passing the turnstiles, however, he was asked to hand over his walking stick. "Nae fear," he replied, cautiously. "I thought there was some doo (cheat) when ye got in free!" He gave a wink at the attendant and walked out.—Little Chronicle.

TWAIN HAS HIS HEAD READ.

Phrenologist Tells the Meaning of the Bumps on the Humorist's Skull.

A phrenologist who has recently made an examination of Mark Twain's head says the humorist's masculine qualities are far in excess of the feminine. His temperament may be described as "fibrous." Every nerve in his body seems in active service and his brain is a clearing-house to which checks and drafts are sent from every nook and corner of his frame. There is also a fine balance between the different functions, especially as regards his brain. In his vital economy nothing is wasted. Hence his constitution insures depth of feeling, earnestness of purpose, capacity for long-continued mental strain, with remarkable keenness and accuracy of judgment.

The deep set eyes denote more precision than fluency in the use of words. His hesitating manner of speech shows that every syllable is carefully weighed. The fullness of his upper forehead makes him a philosopher and a critic. The tautness of the skin over that area signifies long and increasing activity of those reflective powers. In a word, he has great intelligence in the broadest sense of the term.

The sentiment of mirth is said to be much less marked than many would suppose. But the nature of his merriment is in perfect accord with the form of his brain.

NECESSARY FOR BABY.

Ohio Woman's List of Supplies She Asks Court to Award to Infant of Six Months.

M. Reynolds, a farmhand living at Cleves, O., separated from his wife some time ago. The other day Mrs. Reynolds brought proceedings against her husband for failure to provide for their six-months-old child. In her complaint she declares that the following articles are necessary for the maintenance of the child:

One pair of shoes, 20 yards of cotton flannel, six yards of bleached muslin, six yards of toweling, three woolen shirts, two cakes of soap of a certain brand, eight yards of ladies' flannel, six handkerchiefs, six yards of gingham, one white cloak, one pair of white mittens, 25 cents' worth of thread, two woolen blankets, one crib, one cradle with mattress, baby buggy to cost \$12, milk tickets, one dollar's worth of sugar, one ham, barrel of flour, barrel of apples, three bushels of potatoes, chicken once a week, ten cents' worth of bananas and oranges once a week, five bushels of coal and one hog.

ROMANCE OF AN AERONAUT.

Marries the Woman Upon Whose House He Fell with His Parachute.

A marriage license was issued the other day to Frank Leroy and Mrs. Ella Whitledge at Paris, Tex. The issuance of the license is the culmination of a romance. The groom is a balloonist. He was employed last May during a firemen's street fair and carnival to make balloon ascensions. While making a parachute descent he fell on the house of Mrs. Ella Whitledge, a young widow, and was severely hurt. She nursed and took care of him. This was the way the acquaintance which led to their marriage began.

American Girl Overworked.

An American girl who attended the Paris exposition claims to have received 113 offers of marriage during her stay in the French capital. She must have stayed up overtime, says the Chicago Times-Herald, in order to give all the boys a chance.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Dec. 8.		
CATTLE—Common	35 25	@ 3 25
Extra butchers	4 60	@ 4 75
CALVES—Extra	4 40	@ 4 60
HOGS—Choice packers	4 85	@ 4 90
Mixed packers	4 70	@ 4 85
SHEEP—Extra	3 75	@ 3 75
LAMBS—Extra	5 25	@ 5 25
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 90	@ 4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	76 1/2	@ 77
CORN—No. 2 mixed	39	@ 39
OATS—No. 2 mixed	25 1/2	@ 25 1/2
RYE—No. 2	54	@ 54
HAY—Best timothy	14 75	@ 14 75
PORK—Family	12 50	@ 12 50
LARD—Steam	6 87 1/2	@ 6 87 1/2
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	15	@ 15
Choice creamery	17	@ 17
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	2 75	@ 3 00
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 40	@ 1 50
TOBACCO—New	5 05	@ 5 05
Old	12 00	@ 14 75

Chicago.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 65	@ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	71 1/2	@ 74 1/2
No. 3 spring	64 1/2	@ 71 1/2
CORN—No. 2	36 1/2	@ 37
OATS—No. 2	28 1/2	@ 29 1/2
RYE	49	@ 50
PORK—Mess	11 37 1/2	@ 11 50
LARD—Steam	7 10	@ 7 15

New York.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 60	@ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	71 1/2	@ 73
CORN—No. 2 mixed	36 1/2	@ 40 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	26 1/2	@ 26 1/2
RYE	49	@ 56 1/2
PORK—Family	15 50	@ 16 50
LARD—Steam	7 10	@ 7 50

Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	71 1/2	@ 71 1/2
Southern	68	@ 72 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	43 1/2	@ 43 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	27	@ 27 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers	4 90	@ 5 15
HOGS—Western	5 40	@ 5 50

Louisville.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	4 25	@ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	71 1/2	@ 73
CORN—Mixed	41	@ 41
OATS—Mixed	25	@ 25
PORK—Mess	12 00	@ 12 00
LARD—Steam	7 00	@ 7 00

Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	71 1/2	@ 73 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	43 1/2	@ 43 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	27 1/2	@ 27 1/2

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JULY 15, 1900.

EAST BOUND.		
At Louisville	8 30am	6 00pm
At Lexington	11 00am	8 30pm
At Winchester	11 20am	8 50pm
At Sta. Sterling	11 50am	9 20pm
At Sta. Lexington	12 20pm	9 50pm
At Sta. Winchester	12 40pm	10 10pm
At Sta. Sta. Lexington	1 10pm	10 40pm
At Sta. Sta. Winchester	1 40pm	11 10pm
At Sta. Sta. Lexington	2 10pm	11 40pm
At Sta. Sta. Winchester	2 40pm	12 10pm
At Sta. Sta. Lexington	3 10pm	12 40pm
At Sta. Sta. Winchester	3 40pm	1 10pm
At Sta. Sta. Lexington	4 10pm	1 40pm
At Sta. Sta. Winchester	4 40pm	2 10pm
At Sta. Sta. Lexington	5 10pm	2 40pm
At Sta. Sta. Winchester	5 40pm	3 10pm
At Sta. Sta. Lexington	6 10pm	